

AULD DRAINIE AND BROWNIE



ILLUSTRATED BY
H.C. PRESTON MACGOUN. P.S.W.

2. 9. 1844 to 1845

—

A. Mackay

1918

Other Works Illustrated by
H. C. PRESTON MACGOUN, R. S. W.

ROB LINDSAY AND HIS SCHOOL. By the
Author of "Auld Drainie and Brownie." 1s. 6d.
net.

THE LITTLE FOXES. By KATHARINE BURRILL.
1s. 6d. net.

PET MARJORIE. By Dr. JOHN BROWN. 1s. 6d.
net.

AULD DRAINIE AND BROWNIE

All rights reserved

“As to the past, it is because of what is to be gained there that I look back . . . of what is supremely worth remembering—remembering intimately.”

FIONA MACLEOD.



Fat devil
came I
for the "Mother"

AULD DRAINIE

AND

BROWNIE

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"ROB LINDSAY & HIS SCHOOL"

A REMINISCENCE

OF 70 YEARS AGO



ILLUSTRATED BY

H.C. PRESTON MACGOWN, R.S.W.

LONDON. Published by T.N. FOULIS
at 23 Bedford St., Covent Garden, W.C.
and at 15 Frederick St. EDINBURGH

TO
THE MEMORY OF THE LATE
JOHN FORBES WHITE, LL.D.

WHOSE FRIENDSHIP I WAS PRIVILEGED
IN HIS OLD AGE AND MINE TO ACQUIRE AND ENJOY

I DEDICATE THIS NARRATIVE
WITH SINCERE ADMIRATION
FOR HIS GREAT ACCOMPLISHMENTS
AND AFFECTIONATE REGARD FOR HIM AS A FRIEND
THE AUTHOR

PREFATORY NOTE

THE following narrative, with illustrations by Mr. Pittendrigh MacGillivray, R.S.A., was printed a few years ago for private circulation under the names of a fictitious Author and Editor, but that fiction has been dropped from this edition.

I have appended a few notes explanatory of certain words and expressions, the meaning of which may not be quite clear to those who are not acquainted with the old dialect of Glen-goyne,—now fast becoming extinct.

The figures in the text refer to explanations in the notes.

“ö” is pronounced like the German “oe,” and “ü” like the French “u.”

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

	PAGE
MY VISIT TO WOODHEAD	15

CHAPTER II

DUMBRECK SQUEELIE AND JIMMY BLACK	27
---------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER III

I ACCEPT THE HOSPITALITY OF MY OLD FRIENDS	31
------------------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV

ANDREW AND I VISIT BOGENDRAIN	38
-----------------------------------------	----

CONTENTS

CHAPTER V

	PAGE
THE NIGHT WATCHING OF BROWNIE WITH AULD DRAINIE	47

CHAPTER VI

THE DEATHS OF AULD DRAINIE AND BROWNIE . .	62
EXPLANATORY NOTES	77

ILLUSTRATIONS

"Fat deil care I for the wather"? (p. 49)	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Soon the tea was on the table . . .	<i>To face page 24</i>
"Here, ma dawtie," he said . . .	50
"Ou aye, John, bit fat aboot Kate?" . . .	52
"Ye may be sùre He'll be mercifu' tō you" . . .	64
"The bonny kirkyaird o' Glengoyne" . . .	75

CHAPTER I

MY VISIT TO WOODHEAD

I HAD for many years been accustomed to pay an occasional visit to my "Old Country," as I used to call Glengoyne—a parish which borders the Grampian range on the south towards its eastern extremity. In Glengoyne I spent the greater part of my boyhood days; and I have always preserved pleasant memories of it. On the occasion of each successive visit the pleasure of those memories revived, but not unaccompanied with regrets as my early friends became ever fewer, while the aspect of the old familiar places was becoming gradually changed by alterations and "modern improvements." Most of the younger friends of my own generation had

AULD DRAINIE

gone one after another to other lands, seeking in them their life's work, while those of an older generation were gradually being borne away to their last rest in "the bonny kirkyaird o' Glengoyne."

When I visited the parish ten years ago I found in it only two of its old inhabitants whom I had known, viz. Andrew Davidson, the former Dyker and Ditcher, and Mary Murray, his wife. They occupied a croft called Woodhead on the "Laird's Land"¹ of Langart—the situation being at the upper end of a small plantation known as "Dumbreck Little Woodie." They had occupied that croft for about sixty years, and from it Andrew had, during most of that time, plied his trade in every direction throughout the land of Langart. He was recognised as a man of good sense and ready mother wit, and was much resorted to for advice about many things. Indeed, he had come to be generally spoken of as "the Solomon of Woodhead."

On approaching Andrew's cottage I dis-

AND BROWNIE

covered him sitting on a turf seat in front of it quietly smoking his pipe. I at once recognised his venerable features, although advancing age had told upon them, and added an element of solemnity to their former remarkable expressiveness. His hair was whiter than on the occasion of my previous visit, while his once stalwart figure indicated a shrinking towards aged decrepitude. He rose as he saw me approaching—looking at me with doubtful scrutiny.

“I daresay you do not know me, Andrew?” I said.

“I’m raither dull o’ hearin’ noo,” he replied, putting his hand behind his ear. “Ye’ll need to speak looder.”

“I see you do not remember me.”

“Weel, maybe no an’ maybe aye. Lat ma see. Ou aye, ’am thinkin’ I ken ye brawly, tho’ like masel’ you’re leukin’ the waur o’ the wear. Deed, your heid is near as white’s mine. Bit far are ye gaen, Wullie? Ye ken ye was aye Wullie tō me lang syne, an’ I canna

AULD DRAINIE

bit ca' ye b' the auld name yet, though you're noo a great man i' the Sooth."

"Well, Andrew, I cannot say that I am a great man, although things have prospered fairly well with me, while my three sons and daughter—all my family, are everything I could wish them to be."

"Weel, Wullie, ma faimly has düne weel eneuch tü, an' I'm vera content to be waitin' here noo in ma auld sma' w'y till ma time comes."

"It's well-doing, Andrew, that's the great thing in life, and not the station high or humble."

"Aye, aye, weel-döin' wi' jist eneuch, an' a contentit mind, that's a' we need."

"You have done no dyking or ditching for a long time, I daresay?"

"Na, na, I'm ower auld an' stiff for that noo, though I dinna like tō be a'thegither idle. Licht bits o' jobbies I can dö yet. Ye see, our youngest dachter is mairrit to a neebour fairmer, Sandy Fairweather, up at Hillfit yon'er, a real

AND BROWNIE

fine chiel, an' they dinna see 's wantin' onything. The lave o' our bairns, that are nae in Glengoyne kirkyaird, are scattered here awa' there awa', and ane o' them is in Australy with thoosan's o' sheep o' his ain. He disna forget his auld faither an' mither ether."

"What is your age, Andrew? You must be a good many years older than I?"

"Deed that I am; I was aughty a month bye gane. Aulder nor you!—Ye canna be mair nor seventy or sae, 'am thinkin'."

"Just about it, Andrew. Now that I recollect, you were a full-grown man and working at the dykes and ditches when I was a boy at school."

"I mind that weel, Wullie, an' you war a bit royt loon, fond o' tricks like the lave o' the lathies. Fine I mind foo ance I lunder't² you an' anither lathie, Rob Collie, fa wis mair o' a run deil nor you. Rob an' you played me a pliskie³ fan ye hod ma pick an' spade in a broom buss, an' I tint⁴ a hail forenün's wark glowrin' aboot for them. But I gat a haud o'

AULD DRAINIE

ye baith and labor't ye weel wi' a swack broom⁵ cow."

"Yes, I remember that. You did give us a good thrashing, but the switch broke no bones, and I daresay we were none the worse of the chastisement."

"Na, na, fient a bit the waur war ye. I wouldna hae tane a stick that would 'a' broken beens, for I likit the squeel⁶ lathies, though they war files a wee tricky as lathies wull be."

"Can you take a fairly good walk yet, Andrew?"

"Ou aye, fan ance I'm set t' the gate, I can traivel a gey bit bittock yet?"

"I would like much if you and I could go to some of the old places, not too far from here, which we both knew to be so different long ago, and we might have some pleasant talk about them and the people who are gone,—most of them, I suppose, to their long home."

"Oh, deed aye!" said Andrew with a sigh, "they're in Glengoyne bonny kirkyaird, an' the lave' o' 's'll süne be there tō. Would ye

AND BROWNIE

nae like to lie there amo' your forebears yersel', Wullie?"

"It is a bonny kirkyard, Andrew, and I would like well to be gathered to my fathers there, as the Bible says, were it not that I have stronger ties which draw me to a pretty spot in a cemetery in the South."

"There's my auld, roch hand, Wullie. I didna like tō speir,⁸ bit I thocht there wis something at your hert"; and Andrew gave me a kindly grasp which had heartfelt sympathy in it. How such sympathy levels us all up to a common brotherhood! Indeed, I then felt that Andrew was a genuine brother to me.

"But where is Mary—your wife, Andrew?" I asked.

"Deed, she's nae far awa'," he replied; and with that he called out, "Gweedwife, come awa' here."

The gweedwife appeared at the door, looking rather shy at the sight of an unknown stranger talking to her husband.

"Come awa', Mary, ye needna leuk sae

AULD DRAINIE

blate. This is an auld freen'—Wullie—ye mind o' him."

Mary then came forward, holding out her hand to me in the most friendly way, exclaiming, "Losh'e⁹ me! fa would 'a' thocht it. An' it's jist yersel', Wullie, tho' we hinna seen ye for mony a lang day. But maybe I'm makin' ower free wi' a braw gentleman fae Edinburgh. Ye see, I canna help it, you an' me war sic freen's fan we war at the squeel thegither. Mony a time ye helpit me wi' ma counts fan they were ower hard for me. I wis aboot your age, maybe twa or three year aulder. I wisna sae auld as Andra, and sae I'm mair able t' tak' care o' 'im noo."

"I'm glad to see you so well and so able to look after Andrew."

"Weel-a-wat she leuks aifter me," said Andrew, "an' she thinks I can dö naething for masel'; bit by ma fegs¹⁰ she needs me tō help her yet. I fesh¹¹ hame some bawbees for ma orra jobbies noo an' than, an' they help to keep's baith cantie."

AND BROWNIE

"You both need each other yet, like John Anderson and his wife, who went so happily down the hill together at the last."

"Ah! that's a gran' sang," said Andrew; "an' she can sing 't yet. She wis a famous singer in 'er young days. Deed, there wis nane in a' the Four Lairds' Lands fa could sing sang or psalm like 'er; bit for me I never could sing a cheep. Noo, Mary, ma lass, lat Wullie hear foo ye can sing 'John Anderson' yet."

Mary did not require pressing, and she sang that fine old-age song with a tenderness of feeling, although her voice was not what it had been, which, in the circumstances, quite overcame me, while I saw that Andrew felt it even more than I. It was a picture that I can never forget—Mary standing beside her old partner in life, mentally realising, as she sang, the full application of the beautiful words of the poet to their case, while the old man was conscious that he at least was very near the bottom of the hill, and that their long companionship must soon come to an end. He looked at the singer with

AULD DRAINIE

tender sympathy, and an expression in his eyes which betrayed a feeling that the time for saying farewell was not far off.

After the song was ended we were all silent for a few minutes, and then Andrew, looking up with an assumed cheerfulness, said—

“Ye see, she can sing like a mavis yet. Noo, Mary, we maun hae our cuppie o’ tea, an’ Wullie ’ll tak’ a cup wi’ s.”

“Yes,” I said, “I will be very glad after my long walk.”

We all then went into the cottage, and soon the tea was on the table, with scones of Mary’s baking, and delightful fresh butter which she had that day made. It was very welcome and refreshing, and I enjoyed it not the less that it was set in the kitchen, or the “but,” as they called it, the other end of the cottage being the “ben.” The floor was earthen but quite dry and not uncomfortable, with a large mat of “lang fog,”¹² manufactured by Andrew, in front of the fire. My attention was specially attracted to the beautiful damask snow-white



10011
the tea
man on the
table

AND BROWNIE

cloth which covered the table, and the fine old china from which we drank our tea. Mary saw that I was interested in these, and she said to me, "That tablecloth an' cheena are mair nor a hunner year auld. They were pairt o' ma great-grandmither's providin' fan she was mairrit."

"Well," I said, "you may be proud of them, for they are exceedingly beautiful."

"Ou aye, I like t' hae them, an' there's nae the marrow o' them a' hereaboot; but I hae ither auld things as weel. That bress crusie¹³ hingin' up there wis ma great-grandfather's. There's nae anither like it in a' the Four Lands."

"You don't use the crusie now, I suppose?"

"Na, na, the whale oil an' the rash week i' the crusie made a puir licht, bit it wis the best we had than. Noo ye see we're i' the fashin an' hae a paraffin lamp that gies a gran' licht. It wis a present fae our dachter's gweedman."

"But that old crusie you must feel a special interest in, as it is no doubt a memorial of many

AULD DRAINIE AND BROWNIE

a pleasant evening which it has lighted up for you in the past ; and it has an interest for me too, for I remember that same crusie hanging at the cheek of your father's kitchen fire-place."

"Deed ye're richt," said Mary ; "and if ye're fond o' auld curiosities, I'll be gled to gie it ye for the sake o' mony lichtsome evenin's ye spent in the glimmer o' 't in ma father's hoose."

"Thank you much, Mary ; and if you really can make up your mind to part with it, I will gladly accept it and keep it as a treasure in memory of our young days together."

CHAPTER II

DUMBRECK SQUEËLIE AND JIMMY BLACK

AFTER tea Andrew and I walked out and looked around. The view from the front of the cottage was extensive and had certain picturesque features although not of a very striking kind. Many of the old places we could see—Bogendrain, Cairnton, Balnaheft, Braidmuir, Dukedub, Brockhill, and others. We talked of them as they formerly were, and of our old friends who had occupied them—all gone, and not a few of whom were unknown, even by tradition, to those then in possession. The site of St. John's Fair was within view in the distance; and as my visit chanced to be in the week of the annual recurrence of the fair, I had

AULD DRAINIE

the pleasure of seeing its white tents in their old place on the far-off ridge of St. John's muir—a sight which had wont to be so joyous to me when I was a boy.

The spot where Dumbreck School, “the auld squeelie” as Andrew called it, stood was only a few hundred yards from Woodhead, and he and I walked along the old familiar path by the whin dyke side on a visit to it. The homely building was no longer in existence, but the foundations were still visible. The playground on “the little mürrie,” where I had taken my part in many “a game at the ba’,”¹⁴ was still very much as it had been, except for an overgrowth of whin and broom, which to some extent altered its aspect.

“Well do I remember the old school,” I said to Andrew; “for several years I came over Cairnton Muir to it. The schoolmaster was then the Rev. James Black—Jimmy Black, as he was familiarly called. I think I see him yet—his tall, slender figure, with long, thin nose and red whiskers, his black coat and

AND BROWNIE

black trousers (white in summer), his high shirt collar, almost concealing his ears, his black stiff stock, which appeared in constant danger of choking him, and his tall beaver hat, like a hedgehog, which no brush could smooth. He was a hesitating, nervous creature, with a high-set voice, who could never lay on the tawse with any firmness, so that none of us were much in awe of it as an instrument of punishment."

"Jimmy cam tō Dumbreck aifter my squeel time wis ower," said Andrew ; "sae I kent little o' 'im as a dominie. I kent mair aboot his ongaens i' the pu'pit ; for ye see he generally preacht in Glengoyne Kirk fan Mr. Dorrat wis awa' at a neebour minister's sacrament or sic like, an' I was aye sae thankfu' fan Jimmy wis through wi' baith prayers an' sermon. He rattlt aff his prayers gey weel,¹⁵ without mony mistaks, though I mind that lang aifter King George wis deid he forgat tō leave 'im out and tō put King William in his place. Yet sic mistaks war nether here nor there wi' him. Bit his prayers, though weel eneuch pitten thegither,

AULD DRAINIE AND BROWNIE

warna said like prayers, bit jist screedit aff like the lessin o' ane o' his squeel lathies stanin' afore him fear't for the tards.¹⁶ The sermon wisna that bad ether, bit he read it aff like a frichtit horse at the gallop, an' fan he wud turn twa leaves at ae time an' syne find out his mistak, he üs't to get into a terrible pother an' rub his nose as reid as a partan's claw wi' his big spotted napkin afore he could get begun agen. He wisna jist a stickit minister a'thegither, bit he wisna muckle better."

"You are quite right, Andrew. You have drawn a picture of Jimmy in the pulpit to the life, so far as I remember him."

By the time we had finished our inspection of the site of the "Auld Squeelie" with its surroundings, and had our talk about Jimmy Black and other friends and things of the past, the supper hour had arrived, and Mary appeared at the end of the cottage making signs to us to return.

"There she is," said Andrew, "waggin' 's¹⁷ hame to oor supper."

CHAPTER III

I ACCEPT THE HOSPITALITY OF MY OLD FRIENDS

ON our return to the cottage Mary said to me, "Though ye've been lang üs't to gran' houses an' w'ys, Wullie, maybe, for auld lang syne, ye'll tak' a bed in oor ben end till the morn raither than gae back to Invergarron the nicht, for I racken the last train fae Drumfiddes is bye, an' it would be a lang w'y to traivel sae late."

"Well," I replied, "I shall be very happy to stay with you if it won't put you about."

"Pit's about! Na, na, Wullie, it would be a real pleasure t' 's baith gin ye would bide and jist pit up wi' oor sober w'ys."

AULD DRAINIE

"Thank you, then I will ; and I would much rather spend the night here with my old friends than in the best hotel in Invergarron" ; and it was so arranged.

The room was very tidy, and although the floor was earthen it was perfectly dry, and, with a piece of home-made "clouty carpet"¹⁸ laid over it, I felt very comfortable. The bed was the old-fashioned country "box-bed," with shutters in front, which in winter, according to custom, were always "drawn" (shut). This secured warmth, although at the expense of fresh air.

I, however, preferred the fresh air and did not "draw" the shutters. There was no risk of cold, as it was then midsummer. I had a chaff bed to lie on, with a feather bolster and pillows, while the sheets and blankets were faultlessly clean and fresh. So I soon slept the sleep of the just, with an intermixture of soothing and pleasant dreams.

I did not awake next morning until I heard Mary going out with her pail to milk Kimsey

AND BROWNIE

the cow. I looked at my watch and found that it was just six. Soon after I heard Andrew stirring about—following Mary to the byre to be ready to drive Kimsey to the field when the milking was done.

The morning sun was shining brightly in at my window, and I heard the pigeons cooing in the plantation, while a thrush was singing vigorously on the “whin dyke” which formed the boundary between Andrew’s kailyard and part of the farm of Braidmuir.

I got up and soon followed Andrew to the field in which he was tethering his cow in the midst of a rich patch of clovery grass.

The dew was glittering everywhere like thousands of diamonds, and the clover filled the air with a delightful aroma. The morning mist was still on the distant hills, but gradually moving upwards, breaking into separate masses and dissolving and disappearing in the bright blue sky above.

“You are up and out early, Andrew,” I said. “Would it not be better for you to rest

AULD DRAINIE

your old limbs for an hour or two longer in bed ? ” I asked.

“ Na, na, Wullie. I hae my little wark to dö ; an’ I aye like t’ be oot i’ the caller air an’ sunshine in a mornin’ like this. It’s gweed for the body, auld an’ düne as it is, an’ it’s gweed for the soul tü. I feel as if I could sing wi’ the birds an’ praise the Maker o’ this gran’ warld. It maks me sae happy, an’ helps me afen to think foo beautifu’ that warld maun be far there wull be nae sorrow nor sighin’, an’ nae need o’ the sun, because God Himsel’ will be the sun. Ye see, I’m jist on the border, an’ it winna be lang till I’m ower’t.”

“ It will not be long until we are all over it, Andrew ; and the more we make of this world and learn to love and use it aright, the more fitted, I believe, we shall be for that other.”

“ Deed ye’re richt, Wullie, an’ I never likit the preachin’ that misca’d this warld. Mony ane maks an ill üse o’ their share ö’ ’t, bit that’s nae reason for misca’in’ the warld itsel’.

AND BROWNIE

I've aye fund it a gweed warld, an' hae got naething but gweed out o' 't fan it wisna ma ain faut."

"I quite agree with you, Andrew, and we both agree with the Psalmist, who says the works of the Lord are perfect. The Psalmist says nothing but good of God's works, although he says very severe things of bad people for misusing them, and he does not spare himself for things which he did wrong."

"Ye're richt there, Wullie. I aye likit the auld psalms. There is naething like them that I ken. The paraphrases are gweed tü, bit they hinna the pith o' the psalms, an' as for thae hymns that war sung i' the kirk the last time I wis there—for ye see I'm nae able tö gae afen doon bye noo,—I thocht them puir feckless stuff. I'm aye findin' masel' singin' psalms i' ma mind, and sometimes a paraphrase,— 'specially fan I'm oot by masel' in a fresh sunny mornin'; bit I hae nae uptak' ava for thae hymns. Whiles tü a sang o' Robbie Burns comes into ma mind instead o' a psalm, but

AULD DRAINIE

I canna think there's onything wrang in that."

"No, no, Andrew, there is certainly nothing wrong in that, for God taught Burns and David to sing each in his own way."

"I'm gled to hear ye say sae, for I've afen won'ert fat some ministers micht say to me if they kent that I files lat psalms an' sangs come into ma mind cheek by jowl wi' ane anither."

"But I see Mary," said I, "signalling to us."

"Ou aye, she aft comes out an' wags me hame to ma brakfast fan I'm busy thinkin' or singin' psalms or sangs i' ma mind to masel' an' am like to forget it. But come yer waas, an' get yer bite an' sup, for ye maun be hungry."

"Indeed, Andrew, this delightful morning air does make an appetite for breakfast, and I confess I'm ready for it."

When we entered the cottage, we found the great-grandmother's cloth on the table again, with good oatmeal porridge, tea, home-made

AND BROWNIE

scones, and eggs ; and for an appetite such as the keen Langart air gives, I felt that no better breakfast could have been set before me. I ate that morning with such a relish as I had not experienced for years.

CHAPTER IV

ANDREW AND I VISIT BOGENDRAIN

“WELL, Andrew,” I said after breakfast, “which of the old places shall we visit first ? Bogendrain is not far off, and Auld Drainie was one of the most interesting, most useful, and best liked men in the Four Lairds’ Lands, although he was rough in himself, in his farming, and in his family life. He is still a distinct living picture in my mind, and it is impossible for me to forget him. Are you equal to a slow walk to Bogendrain ?”

“Hoot, awa’, Wullie,” replied Andrew ; “that would be naething o’ a walk for me wi’ ma pike staff i’ ma han’. It’s just doon the gate there atween the dykes, ower the Wast Burn

AULD DRAINIE AND BROWNIE

Brig, an' syne the new steadin' o' Bogendrain is richt afore's. Auld Drainie, Wullie! Naebody fa kent 'im could ever forget 'im. He wis, as ye say, gey roch, bit he wis a gran' coo doctor. There wisna anither like 'im in the hail pairish. Naething would keep 'im fae an onweel coo fan sent for, an' nae a bawbee would he tack for his trouble, though he wis aye gey scarce o' siller. There wis nane like 'im tū for kennin' a' about forebears far an' near, an' he wis terrible humorsome in tellin' stories fan he teuk it on. Nae doubt ye mind foo he üs't to bullyrag Cairnie aboot gettin' a wife."

"Yes, I remember how he often teased him, now about one young woman and then about another, but most frequently about Kate Kinelly, who he said was just made for him and he for Kate."

"D'ye mind that nicht fan you an' Mary an' me watch't Cairnie's onweel coo, Brownie, wi' Auld Drainie, fan we war fear't she wis tō dee, an' o' the stories he telt's, an' the hecklin' he gied Cairnie aboot Kate?"

AULD DRAINIE

“Well do I remember that night, and Mary’s songs too, with which she cheered us as well as Drainie’s stories, and how he quite failed to get Cairnie to say a word about Kate.”

“Drainie wis a fine feelin’ man though. He wis aye kind wi’ women fouk, an’ maist sae wi’ his ain at hame, an’ he wis as saft’s a lamb wi’ an onweel coo.”

“Well, then, Andrew, I do not think we can do better than honour the memory of Auld Drainie by paying our first visit to Bogendrain, although I expect to find it very different from what it was in his time, and to see little there which will recall him to us.”

“Bogendrain is nae langer the Bogendrain o’ his day, bit for ’is sake we’ll gae an’ see ’t, an’ fatever like it is we’ll nae think the less o’ the auld carl an’ a’ the gweed he did.”

So Andrew, with his inseparable companion the pike staff, and I, with my more town-like walking-stick, set out on our journey, Mary calling after us as we were leaving, “Be sùre an’ ca’ on Mrs. Maclaren, the gweedwife. She

AND BROWNIE

is a kind, couthy body, an' she 'll mak' ye baith vera welcome."

We soon passed Dumbreck School site ; and after a leisurely walk "atween the dykes," talking of the old places and the old folk as they chanced to come into our minds by the way, we reached the "Wast Burn Brig." There, taking a seat on its parapet and resting for a time, we recalled to each other various scenes and incidents specially associated with Auld Drainie. An additional pleasure while so resting was the view of the surrounding scenery which had been so familiar to me long ago, and which in its main features was still the same. The Wast Burn with the Witch Pot immediately above the bridge, the Cats Craig farther down, with Collie's Pot in the burn beside it, the Whitehill beyond covered with broom—then in masses of golden yellow ; and in the opposite direction, the Scar Hill, a higher heath-clad eminence from which the Wast Burn descends, a quiet, unpretentious stream, with the prominent bright green spot on the face of

AULD DRAINIE

the hill where the stream finds its origin in a clear cool spring known as "Tam Lowrie's Wall."

"How I love this place, Andrew," I said ; "and the beautiful scenery which was so familiar to me long ago. My heart so warms to it that I feel as if I could sit here the whole day."

"Ou aye," said Andrew, "it's a bonny country, though I never thocht muckle about it. It's the changes i' the places far oor auld frien's lived lang syne that I think maist aboot, and they aye mak' me wae fan I see them. Bit we maun be stirrin' oor stumps, an' ca' on Mrs. Maclaren."

So we moved on, and as we approached Bogendrain, the changes appeared greater than I had expected. Indeed, it was not without difficulty that I recognised it as Auld Drainie's former abode. His dwelling-house and stead-ing, the houses of two sons to whom he had given off crofts for their separate occupancy, and "Little Janet's puir bit hoosie," as Andrew called it, had all entirely disappeared. The

AND BROWNIE

muir, with the bog in its centre, which gave the name to the farm, had been converted partly into a thriving plantation and partly into cultivated fields, while an entirely new farmhouse and steading had been substituted for Auld Drainie's primitive thatched buildings on a different part of the farm, all in the most modern style ; and the fields, in place of their slovenly aspect as in Drainie's time—more luxuriant in weeds than in anything else—showed evidence of careful cultivation and thriving crops.

On calling at the house, we were received by Mrs. Maclaren with simple, unaffected courtesy, on which Andrew introduced me as “a freend o' Auld Drainie's, in his time a lathie at the squeel, but noo a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh.” She evidently felt honoured by the visit, and asked us to share their midday meal, which she said was just ready. We willingly accepted the invitation. Very soon Mr. Maclaren appeared, and we had some interesting conversation with him during dinner. I found that, although a plain-looking, unpre-

AULD DRAINIE

tending man, he was more than usually intelligent. We discussed with him questions connected with agriculture and talked of its prospects. He said it had been a very uphill business for him to get his farm into a satisfactory condition in consequence of the ignorance and neglect of the occupants who had preceded him—not one of whom had improved much on primitive methods.

After dinner we walked out with Mr. Maclaren to inspect certain improvements which he wished us to see ; and I was much struck with the ingenious contrivances they showed, and the very satisfactory results which they were producing. Indeed the whole farm seemed to be in the best possible order, with promising increase in productiveness.

“ If,” Mr. Maclaren remarked, “ farmers would only put their brains to their work and stick to it, there would be fewer complaints of too high rents and of agriculture not now paying.”

After we had spent some time looking over

AND BROWNIE

the fields while Andrew rested comfortably with his pike staff beside him on the remains of a feal dyke—almost the last relic of the old order which was gradually giving place to the new, doomed also soon to disappear—Mrs. Maclaren came out and invited us to tea before leaving. We gladly accepted this second offer of hospitality, and in addition to tea we had the privilege of hearing the daughter of the house sing two beautiful old Scotch songs in a clear, natural voice, with true, unaffected feeling, after which we bade our kind friends good-bye.

Although in the whole aspect of the place everything fitted to recall associations with Drainie had been very much obliterated, still I felt so far compensated by the evident greater suitability of all the changes to the conditions and necessities of modern life, and said so to Andrew on our way to the stepping-stones over the Wast Burn at the Cats Craig, from which, by a shorter route through the Benty Grains, we meant to return to Woodhead.

“I see,” replied Andrew, “that Bogendrain

AULD DRAINIE AND BROWNIE

is noo a weel-keepit fairm, but ma hert gaes back to Drainie an' his w'ys, gey roch¹⁹ though they war. Ye see, I'm auld masel' noo, an' though I ken the new's the best, I canna tak' wi' thae changes ava."

"My heart also goes back to Drainie and to all that was so good in him, but my judgment is with Mr. Maclaren and his improvements and his more refined family life as better fitted for our time, although Drainie no doubt was better fitted for his place and time."

We had now crossed the Wast Burn by the stepping-stones, and as Andrew was showing some signs of fatigue, I proposed that we should sit down for a rest on the dry Wild Thyme Knowe beside the Cats Craig and have our further talk about Auld Drainie. So there we took our rest and had our talk.

CHAPTER V

THE NIGHT WATCHING OF BROWNIE WITH AULD DRAINIE

“I CANNA help thinkin’ o’ Drainie,” said Andrew, “an’ foo he wis sae muckle misst fan he gaed awa’.”

“I was thinking of him too, Andrew,” I said ; “and particularly of that terrible night of snow and drift when he came to Cairnton to see Brownie, and of how Mary and you and I watched the poor suffering beast with him all night. You had come on a visit to Mary, who was then Cairnie’s housekeeper ; and when you saw that she was so much concerned about her favourite cow, you volunteered to go for Drainie to come to her. The snow was deep on the ground and was falling fast, but you bravely

AULD DRAINIE

risked the journey—on Mary's account, I daresay, as well as on Brownie's."

"Weel dö I mind that nicht, Wullie. It wis an awfu' nicht o' snaw an' drift, an' it wisna mows²⁰ to be oot in 't. It wis a kin' o' half fair fan I left, an' I managed tō get tō Bogendrain wi' nae mishap. Drainie had jist gaen to bed, and fan I telt him I feared Brownie wis deein',—for he kent Brownie—he raise at ance an' cam' awa' wi' me. We had scarcely left his door fan the snaw cam' on waur nor ever, an' it driftit sae terrible that we war near blindit wi' 't. We had to wide through wryths up to the oxters,²¹ we fell into holes, an' cam' agen whin busses an' broom busses that war cover't wi' snaw, an' warst awa, we fairly tint the gate²² an' gaed wull²³ o' the müir. Deed, we war jist aboot gien up houpe o' ever seein' Mary or Brownie fan we fand oursels in Cairnton's corn-yaird. Foo thankfu' I wis, and sae wis Drainie. Fan we gaed in upo' ye, I daresay we leukit mair like twa wan'erin' ghaists nor men."

"Indeed you did, for you were as white as

AND BROWNIE

any kirkyard ghosts that ever were seen, and you looked as if you could scarcely put one foot past another. I remember Mary ran for the whisky-bottle, when Drainie called out, 'Na, na, lassie, gie's a gweed drink o' Brownie's het brochan (oatmeal gruel)—of course ye've made brochan for Brownie? That's better for you an', me, Andra, nor whisky. We're sair forfochen,²⁴ but we'll süne be a' richt.' Mary and I brushed the snow off you both, and after resting and getting a good drink of the hot gruel, you both wonderfully revived. You, of course, were a young man, but Drainie was too old to be out in such a night; but as he used to express it himself, he was 'aye ready for the sake o' an onweel coo tö face ony wather.' 'Fat deil care I for the wather,' he would say, when his wife tried to dissuade him from facing a storm."

"Ou aye, the auld carl never flinch't fae a storm, an' a gweed drink o' the coo's brochan wis aye fat he wantit fan düne out wi' his traivel. He never teuk to whusky, which wis a Gode's

AULD DRAINIE

mercy, for wi' his temper an' his tongue I'm fleyt t' think fat he micht 'a been."

"I remember he scarcely would give himself time to rest that night after he had got his gruel until he wished to see Brownie. He had been her doctor before, so that they knew each other. He asked for a light to go to the byre. Mary carried the lantern, and we all proceeded to it. Cairnie was also then in the house, but he would not accompany us, as he could not bear to see an animal suffering. I well remember what Drainie said when he saw the cow lying moaning in pain. 'Weel, Brownie, ma dawtie,' he said, 'fat's the maiter wi' ye?' He then knelt down, and, putting his arm round her neck, turned her face towards the light, and examined her eyes carefully. She appeared to know that he had come to relieve her, and, resting her head on his shoulder as he bent beside her, she gave a moan of satisfaction. 'Yer brochan's düne her gweed, Mary,' he said; 'fesh me anither jug o' 't, but she maun get something stronger wi' 't.' Mary brought



"Here,
ma dawtie,"
he said.

AND BROWNIE

the gruel, and Drainie, taking a bottle from his pocket, put part of the contents into it. 'Here, ma dawtie,' he said to the cow, as he opened her mouth and gave her the mixture. 'Noo,' he added, 'we maun leave 'er tō 'ersel' for a filie.' ²⁵

"We all returned to the house when Drainie said, 'I see b' 'er e'e she'll come a' richt, bit we maun watch 'er weel the hail nicht, and she'll need twa or three mair doses afore mornin'; bit I'll leuk aifter 'er masel', sae ye can a' gae to yer beds.' Then turning to Cairnie, he said, 'Ye needna be sae doon i' the mou', John, for she'll come through a' this brawly, though she is gey ill the nicht. Bit it's maybe Kate Kinelly that's i' your mind, man; is there onything wrang wi' that affair? I canna think it, for I saw you kissin' her sae couthily as ye pairted at the brig yonner. Ye didna see me, bit I saw you as I was stappin' ower the burn at the little furd. She's a fine lass, Kate. Keep up yer spunk, man, an' stick to her. She'll make a gran' gweedwife here.'

AULD DRAINIE

“John was in love with Kate, but in a very modest way, and Drainie’s story about kissing at the bridge was a pure invention.

“‘Well,’ said John, “I’m thankfu’ to hear what ye say about the coo,’ but took no notice of the fib about Kate, as he knew if he had done so it would have loosened Drainie’s tongue about her all the more.

“‘Ou aye, John, bit fat about Kate? Mary’ll nae be lang here noo—onybody can see that wi’ half an e’e—an’ fat syne?’²⁶ Yer hoose canna leuk aifter itsel’, an’ there’s the milk, the butter, an’ the cheese. John, ye maun hae a hoosekeeper, an’ Kate’s the lass for ye. She’s a bonny lass an’ she’s gweed! Grip to her, John, an’ nae be lang about it, or some brisk chiel fae the Howe’ll be up an’ awa’ wi’ ’er afore ye ken far ye are.’

“John, looking towards his feet, remarked, ‘I think if I had thae shöen soled wi’ that new bend²⁷ leather I’ve gotten they’ll dö for the rest o’ the winter.’

“‘Nae doot, John, nae doot; bit maybe

AND BROWNIE

Kate's shöen 'll need solin' tü, an' that would be a fine bit jobbie for ye. She has a vera naet fit an' weel put on, an' the solin' o' her shöen would help won'erfu' wi' fine thochts aboot 'er.'

"'I wis tryin' that new gun o' Tam Collie's at the bees' brod ²⁸ on the haugh yesterday, bit I think little ö't. Ma ain auld Culloden ²⁹ beats it yet at twa hunner yairds.'

"'Weel, weel, man, tak' a lesson fae yer Culloden, an' see that ye get the better o' ony ither chiel fa comes sniffin' aifter Kate.'

"'It's an awfu' nicht,' said John; 'I fear we'll be a' snawed up afore mornin.' I'm awa tö ma bed, an' I'll leave Brownie in your hands, Drainie. I canna be ower thankfu' tö ye for comin' tö 'er in sic a nicht.'

"'Dinna trouble yer heid aboot yer coo, John. She'll come through a' this fine. Ye hae Drainie's word for 't. A gweed sleep tö ye, John, an' gweed dreams aboot Kate.'

"John left and went to bed. Mary, you, and I all agreed to sit up with Drainie.

AULD DRAINIE

“As soon as John had left the kitchen, Drainie turned to you and said ‘Ye see, Andra, I can mak’ naething o’ ’im. He is jist like his ain bend leather that winna bend. He’s ower stiff an’ he’s ower blate. He’ll tine that fine lass if he disna improve i’ the courtin’ w’y.’

“‘Na, fient a fear o’ that,’ said you ; ‘Kate’s mair saft on John than he is on her. They are vera fain o’ ane anither.’

“‘Ou aye, I see that masel’,’ said Drainie, ‘yet the faintest o’ lasses’ll lose patience fan the man hauds back ower lang. Bit, Andra, fat about yer ain little affair? Ah! Mary lass, that’s a tell-tale face o’ yours. Ye’re nae a cuif like John, Andra. Douce lad as ’e are, ye’re nae fear’t tō tell a bonny lass that ye like ’er. An’ a bonny lass an’ a gweed ye’ve telt it tō. If I were leukin’ oot for a wife agen masel’, I dinna ken full o’ them I would grip tō—Mary or Kate ; but ye maunna tell my auld gweed-wife I’m sayin’ this, or she may think I’m in love wi’ thae twa lasses—an’ deed she wouldna be far wrang. There’s nae the like o’ them in a’

AND BROWNIE

the Four Lairds' Lands, an' fanever I can steal a kiss fae ether o' them, I warrant ye I'll hae't. There would be nae hairm in an auld man like me stealin' a kiss fae twa young lasses I like sae weel, jist for freenship's sake. I'm sùre ye wadna mind, Andra ?'

"'I'm no vera sùre,' said you ; 'I would raither hae the kiss masel' fae ane o' them ony w'y.'

"'That's richt, Andra—that's richt,' said Drainie ; 'ye're gettin' on fine—Mary an' you ; an' I daursay Mary would raither hae the kiss fae you nor fae me. Ye'll be a bonny pair at the kirkin'. Ye war jist made for ane anither. Noo, it's time to gae an' see Brownie. Bit I'll gae tō 'er b' masel', that'll be quaiter for the puir lass. Gie me the brochan an' the lantern an' I'll manage.'

"So he went to the byre by himself, and administered another dose to the cow. When he returned, he said, 'She's dōin' fine. I'm vera weel pleas't wi' 'er. Deed, she kens me sae weel noo that she'll nae for vera shame ò' 't lat

AULD DRAINIE

hersel' slip oot o' ma han's, and that ye'll see.'

" 'Ye think Brownie'll nae dee than?' said Mary.

" 'Dee!' said he, 'na, fient a bit o' 'er—deil a dee's in Brownie yet. She's come through waur wi' me afore, an' maybe she'll come through waur agen,—bit nae wi' me,—nae wi' me. Deil a doctor can cure me o' my complaint. They canna mak' the sun gae back—bit we maunna be dowie. Come, gie's a sang, Mary, and nane o' your doon i' the mou' anes. Gie's "Duncan Gray," and sing lood that Cairnie may hear't in's bed.'

" So Mary, to please him, struck up 'Duncan Gray' with all the fulness of her voice and spirit, the rest of us joining as best we could,—even Drainie himself, whose voice almost completely drowned Mary's in its stentorian strength and ruggedness.

" Then came stories from Drainie, mostly about people long dead, involving a genealogical network which was more or less bamboozling to

AND BROWNIE

the rest of us. He never stopped from forgetfulness of a name when he had a family tree to complete, always filling up the blank with 'foo ca' ye'm.'³⁰ His stories were generally full of merriment, and were told with great hilarity, spiced with oaths when necessary either for emphasising the narrative or for truthfulness. Yet no one could tell a tender tale of love or of pity better than he when he was in the humour to do it; and that night he did tell us one which was full of sadness, with singular elements of mystery. It was the story of Little Janet. We all knew Janet as an old body, but until that night I had heard very little of her young days, at least not in such detail and fulness.

"We had more songs and stories during the night, and various visits were paid to Brownie—mostly by Drainie alone. In the morning, when Cairnie appeared, Drainie had the satisfaction of assuring him that the cow was quite out of danger, and that Mary would soon bring her all right with the directions he had given her.

"After breakfast, seizing his broad blue

AULD DRAINIE

bonnet and stick, Drainie set off to make his way home as best he could through the deep snow,—all of us expressing our gratitude to him for having saved the cow's life, and for coming to her in such a night. His only answer was, 'Fat deil could I dō bit come?'—adding, 'John, stick to Kate. Dinna be blate, man. She's a gran' lass, Kate.' "

Such was the substance of the conversation between Andrew and me while resting on the Wild Thyme Knowe, and how much I enjoyed during our conversation the pleasant scent of the aromatic herb which gave it the name. It also had for me pleasant associations with the past.

Mary was on the lookout for us as we were making our way slowly up the rough path to Woodhead; and when we were approaching the cottage, she came down to meet us with indications of anxiety as to the possible result of the day's outing on Andrew's very limited powers of endurance.

"'Am thinkin' ye're baith gey düne oot wi' yer stravaig,"⁸¹ she said, with an eye of sym-

AND BROWNIE

pathetic inquiry directed more towards Andrew than to me.

"Wullie can speak for 'imself," said Andrew, "bit as for me, I'm as swack as fan we set oot," at the same time showing ill-concealed signs of fatigue.

"Well, Mary," I said, "I must confess that the short cut through the Benty Grains has taken it a little out of me, but of course I readily feel the difference between it and the pavement of Edinburgh streets."

"Come yer waas than, baith o' ye," she replied, "an' rest yer tired shanks till I mak' ready a cuppie o' tea for ye."

"We have had both dinner and tea at Bogendrain," I said, "and I will need nothing more until your supper-time, but Andrew would be the better of having some tea."

"Na, na," said Andrew, "I'm nane o' yer auld wives, aye dabblin' in tea. I would jist like t' sit doon on the feal seat in the flooer yairdy an' hae a quait smok, an' maybe Wullie'll tak' a smok wi' me."

AULD DRAINIE

"I don't smoke, but I will be delighted to sit beside you while you solace yourself with a pipe ; and perhaps Mary will sit with us and favour us with a song. I'm sure nothing would suit us three old friends better than 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

"Hoot awa' wi' ye !" exclaimed Mary, "me sing anither sang ! I made sic a füle o' baith masel' an' 'John Anderson' last nicht, that I maunna risk döin' the like again."

"Indeed," I said, "your singing of 'John Anderson' was a very great gratification to me. Of course your voice is not now all that it used to be long ago, but the pathos was as deep and true as ever ; it was a song that must have expressed, to you and Andrew as no other song could, the deepest feeling of your hearts towards each other in old age ; and if you would now sing 'Auld Lang Syne,' it would suit the three of us better than any other—we being the only survivors of the Langart friends of sixty years ago."

This reference to our old friendships so

AND BROWNIE

appealed to her kindly nature, that she at once began that matchless song of enduring friendly relationship—Andrew and I joining in it as best we could.

Mary sang with even better voice than on the previous evening and with no less expressiveness. Before the song was half done Andrew and I had become mere listeners, and after her voice had ceased we all remained silent for a little, realising that sense of true friendship which neither distance, nor lapse of time, nor difference in earthly station can ever diminish.

CHAPTER VI

THE DEATHS OF AULD DRAINIE AND BROWNIE

I AT last broke silence by saying to Mary, "After Andrew and I had crossed the Wast Burn at the stepping-stones, we sat down to rest on the Wild Thyme Knowe and talked to each other of Auld Drainie—and specially of that night when we watched Cairnie's cow, Brownie, along with Drainie, who had almost risked his life in a snowstorm to come to her."

"That wis a terrible nicht o' snaw an' drift. Weel dö I mind it, an' foo thankfu' we war fan Drainie an' Andra' cam' in thegither jist like t' fa' doon aifter faichtin' wi' the storm. I wis vera wae for Drainie that nicht. At his age it wis at the risk o' 'is life that he ventur't oot for

AULD DRAINIE AND BROWNIE

Brownie's sake ; bit nae storm could ever keep 'im fae an onweel beast, specially ane that he kent, an' he kent Brownie an' Brownie kent him.

"I mind fine o' 'im sayin' after tellin' 's Brownie would süne be better, that she had come through waur afore an' would maybe come through waur agen, though nae wi' him. Puir auld man, he had than been feelin' his days war near düne, an' he dee't just aboot a year fae that time. He teuk an ill cauld an' fell into a dwinin' aifter 't ; bit naebody could mak' 'im bide in's bed, till he wis sae far through wi't that he couldna rise. Syne he grew sae waik that he couldna move 'imself, an' he said t' me ae day fan I ged t' see 'im, 'I'm fairly bye wi' 't noo, Mary, an' I'll süne be awa' tō ma forebears.'

"I than saw that he wis gey near his hin'er-end, an' I said, 'Ye'll be sairly misst fan yer time comes, Drainie.'

"Weel, weel, than,' he said, 'I've afen been vera roch wi' ma tongue, bit fient a bit o' me,

AULD DRAINIE

I never had an ill hert to ony beast or body. Mony a puir coo at ony rate, I ken, his been the better o' me, an' I cannot think that Gode'll tak' muckle coont o' ma roch tongue fan I didna mean ony ill wi' 't.'

"Deed no, Drainie,' I said, 'it's fat fouk dö that Gode taks maist coont o'; an' ye've düne sae muckle gweed i' yer time that ye'll be a' richt wi' Him, though yer tongue wisna aye fat it sud 'a been.'

"'I sometimes think like that masel', Mary, bit I canna be süre, an' Bible verses winna come to ma tongue's end fan I would like, though ill words come ower aft—like or nae like. Ye nicht say ower a Bible verse or twa to me,—ye ken them a' sae weel.'

"'I mind twa verses,' said I, 'that may comfort ye. Ane o' them says, "The righteous Lord loveth righteousness," an' that jist means Gode likes to dö fats richt Himsel', sae He likes fouk t' dö fats richt tü. The tither verse, as if speakin' to Gode, says, "Thou doest tō every man according to his works," an' that of course



"Ce n'est la mort
He're la mort!"

AND BROWNIE

means that Gode'll dö ill t' fouk that dö ill an' gweed tō fouk that dö gweed, sae He winna lat your lows tongue that didna mean ony ill come atween Him an' a' the gweed ye've düne tō man an' beast. Gode is vera mercifu',—the Bible is fu' o' verses that say sae. He was mercifu' tō the thief on the cross, an' nae doot he wis far war nor ye've been. An ill tongue that didna mean ill!—Gode nicht na think there is onything aboot that He needs to forgie, an' if there is, ye may be süre He'll be mercifu' tō you, though the Bible does misca' ill tongues—sayin' they're onruly evils, bit that of course is fan they mean ill an' ill comes o' them. Sae dinna ye trouble yer heid mair aboot that, Drainie.'

“‘Thank ye, Mary,’ he said, ‘for the comfort ye’ve gien me. I’ll try tō keep thae verses i’ ma mind, an’ tō houpe that Gode’ll be mercifu’ tō me for Jesus’ sake, if nae for ma ain. Ye’re a gweed lass, Mary, an’ may Gode be wi’ you an’ Andra a’ yer days. I dinna think I’ll see ye agen, for I feel I’m jist aboot bye wi’ ’t.’

“‘Bit I’ll süne be back, Drainie—maybe

AULD DRAINIE

the morn's mornin', I said, jist as his eyne war closin' an' he wis fain' asleep.

"Neist³² mornin' I gaed back to see 'im, an' his puir wife tell't me he never waken't fae his sleep the nicht afore, an' his wa-gaen³³ wis sae quait an' calm it wis a gey flie till they war sùre he was deid. His büryin' wis the biggest I ever saw. A'body, far an' near, cam till 't, an' Andra wis there at the spokes,³⁴ helpin' to carry 'im to his last rest in Glengoyne kirkyaird.

"Brownie lived jist twa year aifter Drainie; an' it wis three year aifter Kate Kinelly cam to Cairnton an' I to Woodheid that Brownie dee't. But Kate never would a' come to Cairnton gin I hadna tell't Cairnie I was sùne to leave 'im, an' that he bü't jist t' gae up tō Braidmuir an' seek Kate t' come doon an' tak' ma place. That he did aifter shilly-shallyin' aboot it, sayin' he wis gaen doon the gate to hae a crack wi' Auld Tayluer aboot a new starn he had seen through a spye-gless he had made himsel'. Weel, jist three year aifter that Kate cam ower fae Cairnton to Woodheid ae aifternüne, terrible

AND BROWNIE

pitten aboot like, an' said tō me, 'Puir Brownie's awfu' onweel, an' as Drainie's nae tō the fore, John's awa doon tō the Howe on the shalty as fest's he can gallop for Geordie Grant, the Vet., as he's ca'd.'

"'I'm terrible sorra,' said I, 'to hear sic ill news, an' I'm fear't Brownie'll miss Drainie—she kent 'im sae weel.'

"'Bit will ye nae come ower bye?' speired Kate. 'Brownie kens you, an' ye'll maybe ken fat tō dō for 'er till John comes back wi' the doctor. Ye'll be vera comfortin' an' helpfu' tō me ony w'y.'

"'That I wull,' said I. 'There's naething I wouldna dō for baith you an' puir Brownie.'

"'Andra wis i' the hoose than, an' as he said he would gae wi's, we a' three set oot at ance for Cairnton. It wis the spring o' the year. Brownie had jist had a calvie, an' she grew vera ill, Kate said, aifter her calvie was born.

"'As sūne as I saw Brownie I kent she was far awa' wi't. She was lyin' quait, wi' her eyne steekit,³⁵ an' moanin' a little noo an'

AULD DRAINIE

than. I speir't at Kate if she had gien 'er ony-thing.

“‘Na,’ said Kate, ‘I didna ken fat tō dō wi’ 'er, as she wudna open 'er mou' tō eat or drink.’

“‘Did ye nae mak' brochan for 'er?’ I speir't.

“‘Na, I didna think o' that,’ said Kate.

“‘That was aye ane o' Auld Drainie's first remedies,’ said I. ‘Get some brochan made at ance, an' we'll gie 'er a gweed drink ö't.’

“Sae the brochan wis süne made, an' fan I liftit up the puir beast's heid, she opent 'er eyne an' leuket at me sae waefu'. Andra opent 'er mou' an' Kate gied 'er the brochan. Syne fan I laid 'er heid on the strae agen, she closed 'er bonny eyne an' moaned.

“B' this time it was growin' dark an' John an' the doctor hadna come. Kate, Andra, an' I waitit aside the puir beast an' watch't her—nae kennin fat mair we could dō.

“At last we thocht it might comfort the puir mither if she could see her bonny calfie—brown and bonny like hersel'. Sae I said tō Kate an' Andra, ‘If ye'll lift the calf an' fesh't³⁶ up t'

AND BROWNIE

its mither's sta', I'll lift 'er heid sae that she can see 't.

"Sae Kate an' Andra than cairrit the bit calvie up tō 'er mither's sta', an' I said tō 'er, 'Leuk, ma dawty, there's yer wee calvie.' Syne³⁷ Brownie open't 'er eyne an' leuket at it an', wi' a faint moan, tried tō pit oot 'er tongue to lick its face, bit she jist closed 'er eyne agen, an' aifter a filie 'er breathin' stoppit, an' we saw that she wis deid, tho' we could hardly believ't. It wis sad tō see puir auld Brownie that we had kent sae lang an' likit sae weel lvin' deid afore's! Tō Kate an' Andra an' me it was the loss o' an auld freen'.

"Cairnie an' the doctor cam aboot midnight, an' Cairnie saw at ance by our leuks that Brownie wis deid.

"'My auld cow's deid than,' he said wi' a sigh; an' turnin' to the doctor he continued, 'There's naething you can dō noo, doctor. Pit up yer shalty for the nicht, gae tō the hoose an' get something to eat, an' tak' a bed wi' 's till mornin'.'

AULD DRAINIE

“The doctor, aifter leukin’ at Brownie, said, ‘I don’t think I could have saved her anyway, however soon I had been. Her complaint has been a serious one, and no treatment would have done her any good.’

‘Yet aifter he left, we said to ane anither that if Drainie had only been here, Brownie’s life micht ’a been save’t. He aye kent fat tō dö for ’er. At ony rate the pür beast would ’a been happier tō see him aside ’er.

“Neist day her grave wis dug in a grassy place at the fit o’ Whitehill, far she aften lay quaitly chewin’ her queed.³⁸ Syne we pat ’er in ’er last restin’-place, an’ cam awa.

“Brownie’s calf grew to be a fine, brown cooie jist like ’er mither, an’ she wis aye ca’d young Brownie even fan she wis auld.

“Aifter the death o’ Cairnie, Kate had tō leave Cairnton wi’ ’er three fine lathies for the toon, an’ she gied young Brownie tō Andra an’ me. For mony a lang day she wis a fine coo t’'s, jist like the auld mither, an’ fan she deid o’ auld age, we büri’t ’er far the mither lay at

AND BROWNIE

the fit o' the Whitehill. She tü had a calf—
nae broon like the mither, bit black an' white ;
an' that 's her outbye on the ley there—Kimsey,
as we ca' 'er, an' a fine-tempered, gweed milk
cooie she is.

“I'm thinkin', Wullie, I've tired ye oot wi'
ma claver, bit fan I begood I didna think it
would be sae lang.”

“Your story of the deaths of Drainie and
Brownie is a pathetic one, Mary, and to me it
is of deep interest, considering my early associa-
tions with these two old friends of the past.
What you have told me of Brownie's death
recalls to me vividly that night's watching with
Auld Drainie. Well do I remember how merry
we were with his stories and your songs after
he relieved our anxiety about Brownie. How
deeply you must have felt the want of Drainie's
kindly sympathy in that last night's watching,
even although he might not have been able to
save her life. His anticipation about Brownie
was so far right and so far wrong.—He was wrong

AULD DRAINIE

in his hopeful expectation that she would come through as bad an illness again, but right in his feeling that it would not be with him."

By the time Mary's story was ended the sun had almost reached the top of Finella Hill in the west. The evening was warm and serene, and the white, fleecy clouds in the sky were beginning to take on the golden tints of sunset. How calm and solemn the surrounding hills appeared as they gradually assumed the soft, aërial tone which preceded that aspect of repose into which they would lapse as the hours of darkness approached. The thrushes and the blackbirds were singing their evening songs, and Kimsey stood on the grassy field alone quietly chewing her cud—a picturesque figure against the fading light in the western sky.

While such was the scene on which we were looking more or less unconsciously, we were each of us silently absorbed in the separate thoughts of the past to which the narrative had given rise. It was some time before the silence was broken ; and it was Kimsey that broke it with two loud

AND BROWNIE

long “moos,” on which Mary started up as from a dream, saying—

“She’s pittin’ me in mind o’ my duty t’er.”

“An’ me o’ mine,” added Andrew; his duty being to take her in from the field, while Mary’s was to milk her after she had been housed for the night.

Kimsey having been milked, supper was got ready—plain and wholesome as were the previous meals; and in my case at least it was partaken of with a good appetite and relish. The great-grandmother’s snow-white cloth was spread on the table as before, thus adding to the amenities of our repast.

When supper was over and bed-time approaching, Andrew proposed that we should join in evening devotions before retiring, and suggested that I should conduct them.

“That would be a fit closing to the day,” I said; “but you, of course, will undertake the duty of the patriarch in your own house. At any rate the prayer must be by you in your own manner.”

AULD DRAINIE

So it was arranged that Andrew should offer the prayer, that Mary should sing the psalm or hymn, and that I should read the chapter.

Mary chose the second paraphrase, "O God of Bethel ! by whose hand Thy people still are fed," etc., and nothing could have been more touching than her singing of that beautiful old paraphrase. I then read the 90th Psalm as being specially appropriate for the occasion, while Andrew followed with a prayer which, in his own homely language, was unaffectedly earnest and devout. So far as I can remember, it was in substance as follows :—

"Oh, Oor Father in Heaven, help us three
puir sinfu' creatures tō leuk tō Thee for a' we
need, baith for this warld and the neist, which
is nae far awa noo fae ony o' 's. Foo thankfu'
Mary an' me sud be for this vesit fae oor auld
freend, an' for the auld acquaintance that hisna
been forgotten. We thank Thee for pittin' it
intō oor herts tō remind ane anither o' the auld
fouk an' the auld times that are sae gweed for 's
tō think o' an' speak about. May we hae quait



"The
Bonny Kirkyards
o' Glengoyne"

HEM-

AND BROWNIE

rest an' sleep this nicht under Your protection,
an' see ane anither the morn's mornin' hearty
an' weel. Hear this, oor unworthy prayer, O
Father, for the sake o' Jesus Christ, Thy Son.
Amen."

Our worship being thus ended, I retired to
the ben end, and was soon soothed to sleep by
the song of a blackbird on a tree opposite my
window.

I remained two more days with my good old
friends, during which Andrew and I visited
other places within reach of his walking powers
—Mary accompanying us to some of them,
when reminiscences of the past formed the main
subject of our conversation.

* * * * *

A few years afterwards I again visited "my
old country,"—my last visit it will probably
be, as my physical powers are failing. Both
Andrew and Mary had, since my previous visit,
been borne—the one soon after the other—by
not a few relations and friends, to "the bonny
kirkyaird o' Glengoyne" ; and on making my

AULD DRAINIE AND BROWNIE

wonted pilgrimage to it, I saw the soft, green grass gently waving over their peaceful place of rest, and at the head of their common grave there stood a simple memorial stone which bore to have been erected by surviving relatives who deeply mourned their loss.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

1. Page 16, "Laird's Land." The "Four Lairds' Lands" were four separate proprietors' estates contiguous to each other forming the greater part of the parish of Glengoyne. Cairnton and Woodhead were in the "Laird's Land" of Langart, and Bogendrain in that of Ardvaired, the Wast Burn forming the boundary between them.
2. P. 19, "lunder't," chastised.
3. P. 19, "pliskie," a practical joke or trick.
4. P. 19, "tint," lost.
5. P. 20, "swack broom cow," a supple broom switch.
6. P. 20, "squeel lathies," schoolboys.
7. P. 20, "the lave o' 's," the rest of us.
8. P. 21, "speir," ask.
9. P. 22, "Losh 'e me !" an exclamation of pleasant surprise.
10. P. 22, "fegs," faith.
11. P. 22, "fesh," bring.
12. P. 24, "lang fog," a species of long-stemmed moss of tough fibre found in the neighbouring hills.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

13. P. 25, "crusie," an oil lamp then in common use, the pith of the rush being used as a wick for it.
14. P. 28, "game at the ba'," game of shinty.
15. P. 29, "gey weel," fairly well.
16. P. 30, "tards," the taws.
17. P. 30, "waggin's," waving the hand invitingly.
18. P. 32, "clouty carpet," a carpet woven of strips of left-off clothing on the hand loom.
19. P. 46, "gey roch," rather rough.
20. P. 48, "wisna mows," was not safe.
21. P. 48, "oxter," armpit.
22. P. 48, "tint the gate," lost the way.
23. P. 48, "gaed wull," wandered in bewilderment.
24. P. 49, "forfochen," much exhausted.
25. P. 51, "filie," a little while.
26. P. 52, "fat syne," what then.
27. P. 52, "bend leather," shoe sole leather.
28. P. 53, "bees' brod," the board on which a beehive was placed—a spare one often being used as a target for local shooting competitions.
29. P. 53, "Culloden," an old flint-lock musket which had been used at the battle of Culloden.
30. P. 57, "foo ca' ye 'm," how do you call him.
31. P. 58, "stravaig," a long walk.
32. P. 66, "neist," next.
33. P. 66, "wa-gaen," waygoing, dying.
34. P. 66, "spokes," two long wooden bearers on which the coffin was carried—always two men at each end of a spoke, the men changing one by one at a time without stoppage of the onward movement towards the churchyard.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- 35. P. 67, "eyne steekit," eyes shut.
- 36. P. 68, "fesh't," bring it.
- 37. P. 69, "syne," then.
- 38. P. 70, "queed," cud.

THE END

Printed by R. & R. CLARK, LIMITED, Edinburgh.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

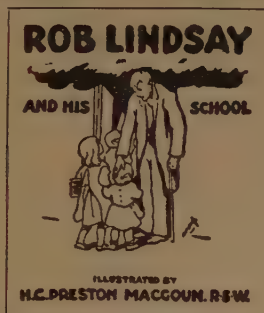
Uniform with

“Auld Drainie and Brownie” & “The Story of Little Janet.”

Price

1/6

net.



Price

1/6

net.

ROB LINDSAY AND HIS SCHOOL

By ONE OF HIS OLD PUPILS

A Reminiscence of Seventy-five years ago.

*With Ten Fine Collotype Vignette Plates, Title-page and Cover Design
by Miss H. C. Preston Macgoun, R.S.W.*

SOME PRESS OPINIONS

The Bookman, February 1906.—“It would be hard to class the beautiful little book by an anonymous writer, and there is no need to try. . . . The little school stood on a hillside of the Grampian range; the little book stands just as separate. It is, like ‘Rab and his Friends,’ a simple chapter in the homelier life of Scotland—told without conscious art, but with a glamorous sympathy of remembrance, free from over-insistent sentimentality, and finely proportioned. A distinct charm is added to the book by the uncommon illustrations of Miss H. C. Preston Macgoun, R.S.W. They are in themselves a source of pleasure and an example of what book illustrations might be.”

Scottish Review.—" 'Rob' is a thing rooted fast in the affections. It presents itself to its readers as partaking of a very long retrospect, being described on the title-page—itsself a thing of uncommon beauty—as a reminiscence of seventy-five years ago. Its spell is simpler, deeper than pretentious books that might venture to claim a similar outlook. . . . The book must therefore, obviously, be the work of a very aged man, but, we hasten to add, there is no sign of age in the manner of writing. It is to the point. The vision is clear. . . . To have a clear vision, however, is one thing; to be able to make it clear to others through imaginative sympathy is another. Yet we see it all with this writer. . . . It is a book for the humble, the wise, those of the simple heart. There is no oblique vision in it, no apology, no catering for any assent but that of the gentler instincts. The note of pathos is never forced, yet it is all sufficient. . . . The distance looked back upon is great, but it is not distance alone that lends enchantment. It is not a mere aerial effect. We must go deeper than that. It is the simple life that adds to it all a gleam unbegotten of the things on which it rests, though associating itself therewith. . . . that inner atmosphere of the spirit that keeps the soul wholesomely sweet. . . . Coming to the illustrations. . . . never has greater fidelity to a text been forthcoming. The drawings are all of them delightful examples of Miss Preston Macgoun's well-known studies of children. From first to last they are filled with quiet charm. Happy is the man who can count on having his written words embodied in such lines of tender and pathetic beauty. It is emphatically a joint production of author and artist in a sense rarely seen.

It is greatly to be desired that the author should again come before the public with other episodes of a similar kind; and should he once more be able to enlist the pencil of Miss Preston Macgoun, he may take it that the success of the venture will be assured.

It is difficult to withdraw oneself from the mood induced by such a book as this, and yet who does not know that while the glamour of the words 'Auld Lang Syne' is one of wide appeal, the bitter-sweet in it all rests, not merely in the feeling that both as regards time and space the old days are far distant from us, but rather in the assured belief that even were we back on the braes, at the burn, under the hawthorn, we could not altogether re-create our childhood,

Nor set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony."

Glasgow Herald.—"All the charm that simplicity, naturalness, unaffected and unobtrusive feeling impart, characterises this little sketch. A narrative that would be charming in itself is made doubly attractive by the dainty illustrations that accompany it. . . . From the point of view of art, no less than from that of literature, the whole book is a little masterpiece."

Dundee Advertiser.—"A little book rich in the promise of becoming a classic. The author writes with a simple charm, quaintly beautified by many an old homely word, and the interest of the story is more appealing as sympathetic imagination has been only occasionally resorted to where memory had failed. . . . So intimate, so pathetic, and so loving by revealing the life of other days, as that is brought back in fireside reverie. The little book seems sacred. It is one that might make Barrie himself feel both wae and humble, and one can only hope that it will reach many readers to instruct and inspire them. The illustrations by Miss H. C. Preston Macgoun, R.S.W., are singularly attuned to the homely spirit and beauty of the tale."

Leith Observer.—"Wherever the book is read, the simplicity will touch, the clear shining sincerity will convince, the gentle but profound sympathy will make tender the heart of that little but best section of humanity that keeps fresh and sweet because it permits no 'irreverence for the dreams of youth' to prevail. . . . It is all so simply felt, so simply said. As for the illustrations, they are exquisite—pencil drawings that with great fidelity and charm embody the spirit of the book, and are as closely associated therewith as a brook with its pebbles, an old ballad with its haunting music. There is a world of tenderness in the child-life depicted. . . . Taken together—letterpress and illustrations—the sketch is given in a manner that not only disarms criticism, but makes little and vain the vast pretentiousness of much of our life."

Dundee Courier.—"There is a pleasant note of sincerity and sweet lingering on the past which give the forty pages an interesting charm. And the twelve full-page illustrations deserve especial remark, not only as clever drawings, but for the thrill of national feeling which possesses them all."

Brechin Advertiser.—"A most important contribution to the simple idylls of Scottish life. It is a piece of excellent literary work, much of it possessing tenderness and pathos equal to the most touching passages in Dr. John Brown's 'Rab and his Friends.' The little volume is worthy to take rank among the best of our sketches of humble life and character."

Dumfries and Galloway Standard.—"We cannot speak too highly of this delightful little book. We have read nothing so exquisitely touching since 'Rab and his Friends,' or seen anything truer to nature in humble life than the series of illustrations by Miss Preston Macgoun. . . . The whole narrative is manifestly a faithful transcription of tender memories."

Edinburgh Evening News.—"A pathetic little sketch . . . described by the writer with a tenderness and insight, a directness, and a simplicity that remind one of Dr. John Brown. The illustrations by Miss H. C. Preston Macgoun, R.S.W., are charming."

Border Magazine.—"A dainty little volume which is a perfect idyll of country school life as it was seventy-five years ago. The author tells the simple story in a most sympathetic and touching manner, which at once gets to the heart of the reader and convinces him that he is reading a truthful page of autobiography. . . . The volume is beautifully illustrated by Miss H. C. Preston Macgoun, R.S.W., whose simple yet effective treatment of her subjects appeals to the heart quite as much as the letterpress."

Perthshire Advertiser.—"It is in every page full of interest. . . . The beauty of the booklet is in the telling of the tale. The author has told it with great sympathy and affection. . . . The illustrations are extremely attractive, ingenious, and well executed, and materially aid the reader in realising the author's thoughts."

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

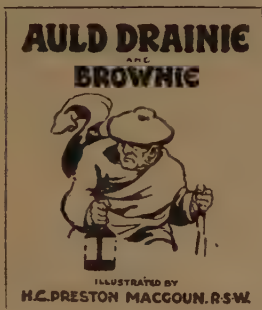
Uniform with

“Rob Lindsay and his School” & “The Story of Little Janet.”

Price

1/6

net.



Price

1/6

net.

AULD DRAINIE AND BROWNIE

A Reminiscence of Seventy years ago.

*With Six Fine Collotype Vignette Plates, Title-Page and Cover Design
by Miss H. C. Preston Macgown, R.S.W.*

SOME PRESS OPINIONS

The Liverpool Courier.—“When you lay down this second little book from the sympathetic pen of the anonymous author who charmed and interested us with his beautiful story, ‘Rob Lindsay and his School,’ your mind instinctively turns to the words of that wise old divine, Thomas à Kempis. Does he not tell us—‘By two wings a man is lifted up from things earthy, namely, by Simplicity and Purity’? The keynote of ‘Auld Drainie and Brownie’ is a tender simplicity, and the little story not only contains a purity of thought and feeling, but is written in direct, simple, and pure words; much of it in that pure Doric which, if merely dialect to the Southerner, is dear to the hearts of those to whom the North is

'weel kent.' For the benefit of that same Southerner there is a carefully-compiled and exhaustive glossary. The little tale is so slight, and yet so beautiful, that to give any idea of it the whole book would have to be quoted; but there is one paragraph that appealed specially to us. 'I never likit the preachin' that misca'd this warld. Mony ane maks an ill use o' their share o't, bit that's nae reason for misca'in' the warld itself'. I've aye fund it a gweed warld, an' hae got naething but gweed out o't fan it wisna ma ain faut.' Not even à Kempis has said anything wiser or more true. It is a good world, and, like the old Scot, Andra' Davidson, we can surely say when we have found it otherwise than good it has mostly been through our own stupid fault. The anonymous author has found the world a good and happy place, or he could not write like this at the age of eighty, but then he has been upborne from the earthy things by the wings of simplicity and purity. Perhaps some folks may think this little story of an old man and a cow—for Brownie is only a cow—too simple and too peaceful for this bustling, hurrying, worrying, workaday world, but is it not just these little wanderings among country sights and sounds that are so restful and good for us? Who can ever forget 'Rab and his Friends,' and yet some people might say—'Rab is only a dog!' Rab is immortal, and Brownie comes very near to him—if we have immortals in a higher creation, why not in the lower? and we are by no means sure that 'lower' is the proper word for these dear animals whom we know and love. The author of 'Auld Drainie' has been lucky to secure an artist whose drawings are as simple, as unaffected, and beautiful as his own stories. We may regret that Miss Macgoun has no opportunity in this new volume of giving us some of her exquisite pictures of child life, but it is a pleasure to find her as successful with the old folks as with the bairns. If one drawing is more beautiful than another it is the picture of the passing away of Drainie—Drainie, who knew he had a rough tongue, but yet 'never had an ill hert to ony beast or body'—Drainie, who was only an old cow doctor, but who lived these words:—

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Leith Burghs Pilot, April 13, 1907.—"About a year ago there appeared 'A Reminiscence of Seventy-five Years ago,' winning golden opinions wherever it went. Its full title was 'Rob Lindsay

and his School, by One of his Old Pupils.' Once more the aged anonymous author comes before the public, this time with 'A Reminiscence of Seventy Years Ago,' and, fortunately, he has been able to bring the same artist with him. The book is full of the sweet, simple humanities. To quote from the book that follows ('Pleasures of Literature')—"Whatever is pure is also simple. It does not keep the eye on itself." This is true to the core of 'Auld Drainie.' It is devoid of all effort—a living, luminous record of old times, which will make many readers realise in its writer's own words 'that sense of true friendship which neither distance nor lapse of time, nor difference in earthly station can ever diminish.' Miss Macgoun's illustrations are not so numerous as in 'The Little Foxes,' but they are no less fitting and beautiful, and the one that faces page 52 is filled with gentle yet penetrating humour."

The Spectator.—"Here we have some pleasing little pictures of Scottish life. The chapter from which the book takes its title has no little pathos in it. 'Auld Drainie' was a cow doctor, and 'Brownie,' a cow whose life he had saved more than once, and who died at last because he was not there to help. 'She's come through waur wi' me afore, an' maybe she'll come through waur agen—but nae wi' me.' The English reader will have to use his best wits to translate the story into his own tongue, though the author has been good enough to append a glossary."

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.—"Nothing, surely, but a warm welcome should await the little book that comes to us with the above title from the publisher, for it is by the author of 'Rob Lindsay and his School'—a booklet that, when it appeared last year, was described by many as recalling the work of the author of 'Rab and his Friends.' In his new venture the anonymous author treads the same uplands under the Grampians, and the people he introduces us to are the same hearty, simple folk he can draw to the life. While not, perhaps, equal to "Rob Lindsay," the book is written with penetrative sympathy, and in the same winsome and effortless way. The illustrations by Miss Preston Macgoun are of rare merit—full of insight and charm."

Glasgow Evening News.—"Since Dr. John Brown penned the touching little story 'Rab and his Friends,' many more or less

observant writers have followed his lead in simple sketches of Scottish life and character, and none, perhaps, more sincerely than the author of 'Rob Lindsay and his School.' His latest published volume, 'Auld Drainie and Brownie,' is a simple chronicle of a phase of life in the Grampian district, a brief account of characteristics of a people the writer knows well. It is by no means a deep study, and it is not likely to appeal to such as are unacquainted with the unsophisticated ways of the Scottish peasantry. It is pleasantly written, and is not without charm. Admirable illustrations are added by Miss H. C. Preston Macgoun, R.S.W., idealised a little, but drawn with rare delicacy."

The Bookseller.—" 'A Reminiscence of Seventy Years Ago' is the author's description of his little book, of which the mingled pathos and humour will be appreciated by readers capable of recognising those qualities when they see them. The sketches of homely Scotch character given are excellent. One is, however, grateful for the explanatory notes which interpret the abundance of 'dialect.' Miss Preston Macgoun's pictures are singularly in harmony with the tone and spirit of the letterpress, and the book is very attractively presented."

The Kilmarnock Standard.—" These names belong respectively to a wonderfully kindly 'cow doctor,' and to a poor animal which seemed to repay his attentions with an almost human gratitude. It is by the writer of 'Rob Lindsay and his School,' which, with illustrations by the same artist, had a marked success some time ago; and in this case both author and artist are again to be congratulated on the delicate beauty of their work. The sketch is worthy to rank with the best of recent productions in the Doric."

Edinburgh Evening News.—" 'Auld Drainie and Brownie' is a little book by the author of 'Rob Lindsay and his School,' published by T. N. Foulis, 15 Frederick Street, Edinburgh. The writer, an Edinburgh W.S., describes a visit to the scene of his boyhood, a glen bordering on the south-east of the Grampians. The simplicity, directness, tenderness, and fine feeling with which the rural life and character are depicted, and the changes that have come about, make this book a pleasure to read. The artistic beauty of Miss H. C. Preston Macgoun's illustrations is in keeping with the spirit of the letterpress."

The Scottish Review.—"The people we meet here are of the same 'couthie' kind as those we mixed with in 'Rob Lindsay.' Auld Drainie was a famous cow doctor, and Brownie was a cow. A simple theme to work upon, do you say? No doubt. But, then, it is the simplicity of the book—theme and treatment alike—that takes one.

Miss Macgoun's drawings are as striking and charming as ever. They partake of the same rare simplicity as that which they illustrate, and, conjoined therewith, give us a booklet of winning appeal to all that is best in that human nature we are all guilty of having done something to 'improve' away."

Dundee Courier.—"Readers of 'Rob Lindsay' will welcome this little book by the same author. It was published privately a few years ago, but the success of 'Rob' last year has induced the writer to issue it to the public. In doing so he has done right, as it is a book that will live and rank with 'Rab and his Friends.' Auld Drainie is the farmer of Bogendrain, and Brownie is a neighbour's cow, which Auld Drainie, who is famous as a cow doctor, cures. It is a reminiscence of seventy years ago, and the pictures of Scottish character are simple, natural, and to the life. The pencil drawings, by Miss H. C. Preston Macgoun, are exquisite productions, and illustrate the text to a perfection seldom seen. The booklet is dedicated 'To the memory of the late John Forbes White, LL.D., whose friendship I was privileged in his old age and mine to acquire and enjoy.'"

By the Author of
"Corner Stones," "Shell-Gatherers," "Loose Beads," etc.

Price
1/6
net.



Price
1/6
net.

THE LITTLE FOXES

By KATHARINE BURRILL

*With Eight Fine Collotype Plates, Title-page and Cover Design by
H. C. Preston Macgown, R.S.W.*

SOME PRESS OPINIONS

Liverpool Courier, April 12, 1907.—“‘The idea of publishing this little volume,’ explains Mrs. Katharine Burrill in her preface, ‘was inspired by a suggestion contained in a letter from the author of that touching and now so well known little book, “Rob Lindsay and his School.”’ The ‘little volume’ consists of a single brief essay, an essay detached from its place in that string of ‘Beads’ which Mrs. Burrill flung about the neck of a delighted public some little while ago; but neither its brevity, nor the fact that it has appeared before, does anything to reduce our gratitude to the anonymous maker of the suggestion. For Mrs. Burrill’s work is always so finely tuneful and delicate that one welcomes any encore she may be good enough to grant us, even although it may be no more than a repetition; and this particular number—an appeal,

half-witty, half-wistful, and wholly wise—for a more sympathetic recognition of the hungers, a complete observance of the privileges, of those privilege-conferring 'little foxes,' the youngsters of the world, is surely one of the pleasantest things she has ever sung. 'A great many direful things are said of men and women who are insensible to the sound of sweet music. Much worse things should be said of men and women—especially women—who do not care for children.' That is the burden of her song, and 'a great many direful things' would certainly fall to be said of those who remained insensible to so sensitive and sensible a melody.

The accompaniment played by Miss Macgoun has a singular deftness and understanding. Moving with a quick, flickering touch, a gracious and tender precision, her pencil attains a laughing limpidity of atmosphere that is quite in the key of the smiling wisdom—at once volatile and memorable—of Mrs. Burrill's text. And a great many more 'direful things' should certainly be said of any deplorable grown-ups who can glance at any one of the eight drawings without evincing some glimmer of smiling sympathy."

The Perthshire Constitutional and Journal, April 17, 1907.—"The name T. N. Foulis is always associated with artistic book production, and the dainty volume before us is an excellent example of the art. This is the third volume of a series in which 'Rob Lindsay and his School' attained considerable popularity. Indeed, its publication was suggested by the author of the first book. In her plea for the children, 'The Little Foxes,' the authoress has been fortunate in securing the co-operation of H. C. Preston Macgoun, R.S.W., whose pencil provides several illustrations of special merit. Indeed, as studies of childhood, these drawings have a distinction of their own that must appeal to all who love the little ones. The booklet would make a suitable gift for any young mother, being as it is an essay in child culture—in particular, a plea for greater freedom for 'The Little Foxes.' The authoress enters a sensible and strong protest against the 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' condition in which so many children are kept at home, where they are often 'improved' out of any close semblance to the natural child. We commend 'The Little Foxes' to parents and all who have the real interests of childhood at heart."

The Stirling Observer.—"This pretty little volume, which is adorned by eight illustrations by Miss H. C. Preston Macgoun,

R.S.W., contains a very tender and sympathetic plea on behalf of children, who in so many instances nowadays are regarded as drawbacks and encumbrances. The authoress makes not a few wise observations in the course of her contentions, such as that 'the best people always love children'; 'a loving kiss never hurt a small child yet, and never will'; 'we all keep a tiny bit of the child's heart hidden in us somewhere'; and round observations such as these are woven excellent matter for consideration on the part of grown-ups."

Edinburgh Evening News, April 11, 1907.—"'The Little Foxes' is a charming little volume. No reader may be frightened off by the idea that this is a lecture on the well-known Biblical verse on 'the little foxes that spoil the vines.' In this case the 'little foxes' are the children. The authoress writes with point and good sense and sympathy about the bairns. In these days children are in certain circles looked on as an encumbrance. This book shows the other side of the shield. The illustrations show deep insight into the beauty and winsomeness of childhood, as well as artistic skill."

The Scottish Review.—"This book, its preface informs us, owes its separate existence (it is reprinted from a volume of essays entitled 'Loose Beads') to the suggestion of the author of 'Rob Lindsay and his School.' The author of 'The Little Foxes' has been well advised, and the result is a very pretty book, written with a pen drawn swiftly through pleasant places by the faëry team of Love, Pity, and Fancy—the last being the most skittish of the three. There is need of all that is so well said and so ardently pressed home. Miss Macgoun's illustrations are certainly of a very unusual order. Never has her nimble pencil worked to happier or finer issues. Simply to turn the leaves and pause over each of the eight and, to all appearance, rapidly executed drawings is a delight to the eye and a refreshment to the heart. From the brooding pathos of 'All alone on Airlie Beacon with her baby on her knee' to the serious fun—so to speak—of 'Come and be an elephant,' the dainty work of the artist tells its story with easy yet absolutely sure effect."

Perthshire Advertiser.—" 'The Little Foxes'—this is the title of a little booklet by Katharine Burrill, illustrated by H. C. Preston Macgoun, R.S.W. The author has given us in the little volume

a genuinely delightful appreciation of childhood, with all its winning ways and beautiful innocence in the early years before the naughty boy or girl emerges from the sweet little angel we have all known and loved. She has no sympathy with the superior young woman of to-day who cannot endure babies, and would not kiss one for the world. It is not easy to give quotations, so we advise our readers to buy the book and read it right through. The illustrations are perfect—one could wish to have them all framed in a cluster and hung up in one's own sanctum."

Manchester Courier.—" 'The Little Foxes' is an essay on children which was originally published in 'Loose Beads.' The author writes with charm and sympathy on a subject which will appeal to all lovers of 'the little foxes that spoil the vines,' and to older folks who do not understand them. Miss H. C. Preston Macgoun, R.S.W., has illustrated the book delightfully. It is rarely that such thoroughly artistic studies of children are presented to the public in so appreciable a form."

The Evening Standard.—"A pretty reprint of one of the essays in the collection entitled 'Loose Beads.' It contains eight illustrations by Miss Preston Macgoun, which are in a very real sense of the word charming. It is long since we met with pictures of children so full of delicacy, grace, and observation."

The Literary World, May 15, 1907.—" 'The Little Foxes,' exquisitely illustrated by Miss Macgoun, might be called 'A lecture to women who pretend they don't like children.' Mrs. Burrill cannot believe it is anything but pretence; but, for all that, she is disgusted by those very modern ladies who are too much devoted to art, ambition, or pleasure to pour out that wealth of love and sympathy which children need above all. 'The little foxes that spoil the vines—true,' says Mrs. Burrill, 'but how soon do the little foxes grow up, and pass away from the vineyard, and leave it very empty and very lonely? Is there much satisfaction in counting the bunches of splendid grapes, when the tiny foxes, with all their pretty, mischievous, happy ways, are gone for ever?'"

Kilmarnock Standard, April 13, 1907.—"Mr. T. N. Foulis, Edinburgh and London, has just published a very tastefully-got-up

little book illustrated by H. C. Preston Macgoun, R.S.W. 'The Little Foxes,' by Katharine Burrill—this title being taken from the verse in the Song of Solomon, 'The little foxes that spoil the vines'—is a well written and convincing plea for the young folks, who are too often regarded as drawbacks and encumbrances to the enjoyment of their parents, instead of as the chief source of domestic pleasure. The accompanying pictures are beautifully drawn and admirably characteristic of child life. The dainty volume would form a charming present to any young mother."

Leith Burghs Pilot, April 13, 1907.—"This is a reprint of one of the essays that appeared in 'Loose Beads' (Dent). The idea of making a separate booklet of the essay was due, we are told in the Preface, to the author of 'Rob Lindsay and his School' and of 'Auld Drainie and Brownie.' The suggestion was a happy one, and the final form it has taken is all that could be wished. The essay is a sparkling talk about children, coming not only from an alert mind, but from a loving and attentive heart. A good deal of what is here we have all, of course, heard before, but it is brightly said, and should the book find its way into the right quarters it will assuredly do something to upset the often ridiculously formal, and generally tedious, methods by which we endeavour to turn our children—sometimes all too speedily—into men and women, who will, as we say, 'do us credit,' and themselves (God love them!) as little harm as possible in the process. As for the drawings by which the needed lessons are enforced, it is perhaps enough to say that they are by Miss Macgoun. Her name is fast becoming a guarantee (especially where children are concerned) for work of delicate and subtle charm. So simple to all appearance are these drawings of hers that we forget how much real skill there is in them. They are like a melody 'that's sweetly played in tune,' that, once heard, seems to have been always known to us. It requires an effort, indeed, to think of the page as once more blank, and yet that is the only way to feel how much there is in these few tender lines, how deep is the insight they reveal into children's hearts and children's ways."

T. P.'s Weekly, April 12, 1907.—"I am glad to see, in a dainty volume with charming illustrations, a reissue of 'The Little Foxes,' by Katharine Burrill, originally printed in the volume entitled 'Loose Beads.' 'An unfailing source,' writes this kindly child-lover, 'of "fun" is to be found in playing with children. I

am very sorry for people who can only "play" in a stiff, unbending, "be-careful-not-to-break-anything-dear" way—it is so dull. No wonder the little foxes find us boring, and leave us out of their games if we "play" like that. Still, there is one mercy, none are ever too old to see the error of their ways and learn to "play" in the proper spirit. It is a very great compliment to be asked to play—to be invited to personate a dragon or a bear; of course, you could never expect to be given leading parts like Red Indians or pirates—but even a bear takes a certain amount of histrionic talent.’”

Ladies' Field.—"Katharine Burrill, whose charming essays, 'Corner Stones,' 'Shell-Gatherers,' and 'Loose Beads,' prove her to be a sympathetic writer for girls, has added to her repute among the more thoughtful of young readers by 'The Little Foxes,' a word of praise being added for Miss Preston Macgoun's dainty illustrations. Nowhere are author and artist so completely at one as in the joint delineation of Felicity, the little maid who, when she 'went to tea with one person in a very dull road, always scraped the sugar at the bottom of her cup,' but who paid her hostess the high compliment of adding, 'but, you see, it's so pleasant here I don't need to scrape the sugar.' A book to be commended to those who have beloved little foxes of their own and to 'the wooden-headed, concrete-hearted people who say they do not like children.'"



KU-356-286

